

GORDON'S FATE SETTLED.

The Brave Commander Was Stabbed to Death in Khartoum Before the Capture of the City

The Entire Garrison Slaughtered, Men, Women and Children, and Almost Unparalleled Atrocities Committed.

Col. Wilson and Party Rescued from Their Perilous Position—The Proposed Advance from Suakin.

Gen. Gordon Dead.

LONDON, Special Cable, Feb. 10.—A report has reached here professing to throw light on the fate of Gordon. An Arab messenger has reached Korti who says that Gordon was among the first to fall; in fact, that his death was the signal for the revolt which led to the capture of the city. A great tumult arose in the city and Gordon went out impulsively to learn its nature. As he was leaving the government house, the report says, he was suddenly set upon from behind and stabbed to death before he could defend himself. A dreadful massacre followed. Every Christian was hunted down and slaughtered. The most frightful enormities were committed. Neither sex nor age saved the unfortunates from death amid terrible sufferings. The treachery of the pashas is confirmed. They feared, it appears, that with Gordon alive they would never induce the garrison to submit. Once he had fallen the gates were opened to the enemy and the government house given to the flames. Then the Arab besiegers poured in in great hordes. Many of the survivors of the army of Hicks Pasha were in their ranks. They brought with them great stores of ammunition and many guns, which they have mounted on the fortifications. Sir Charles Wilson reports that the city will require a long siege by a large army before it can be taken. To hurl the handful commanded by Lord Wolsley against it would be madness. All the London papers appear in black borders. The report is given out as official. A great popular uprising in favor of a war of extermination is expected as a result of the news.

COL. WILSON SAVED.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—A dispatch from Korti, dated Feb. 9, says: Lord Beresford has returned in safety from Gubat, bringing with him Col. Wilson and party, who were stranded on an island some distance up the Nile while returning from Khartoum. Some difficulty was experienced in fetching away the stranded party. The rebels on the river banks kept up a constant firing, and shortly after the party embarked a bullet from a rebel's rifle pierced the boiler of the steamer. It was necessary to anchor under fire and make repairs. The British fire, however, took effect, and the rebels were repulsed. Immediately after reaching Gubat, Col. Wilson started for Korti, where he has now arrived, to report in person to Lord Wolsley the details of his reconnaissance at Khartoum. Lord Wolsley telegraphs further particulars of Beresford's rescue of Col. Wilson. When the steamer had gone down the river about three miles, a battery of the enemy, on the left bank, opened fire upon it. The steamer returned the fire, which was kept up while the steamer anchored for repairs. Meanwhile Col. Wilson with a small party took four guns and landed on the right bank. The party marched down the river till directly opposite the battery, and then put the guns in position and opened fire. Much assistance was thus rendered Lord Charles in keeping the fire of the enemy down. At sunset Col. Wilson and party marched on three miles further down the river, and halted for the night. They were there joined by Lord Charles the following morning. The steamer meanwhile had another engagement with a rebel battery, but succeeded in passing it without serious harm. Col. Wilson and party were again taken on board, and the steamer proceeded to Gubat without further difficulty. During the passage from the island to Gubat one man was killed and seven injured. Of the injured four were natives, scalded in the engine room. Lord Wolsley concludes his dispatch with these words:

I cannot speak too highly of the pluck of Lord Charles Beresford and party. Col. Wilson's men likewise behaved admirably and with the usual determination of Englishmen.

GEN. GORDON DEAD.

A dispatch from Korti says: "Colonels Wilson and Wortley, with the expedition to Khartoum, arrived to-day. They made the journey from Gubat in four days. They bring news of Gen. Gordon's death. One of the pashas among Gen. Gordon's forces marched the garrison to the side of the town nearest Omdurman, saying a rebel attack was expected at that point. Meantime, another traitorous pasha opened the gates at the other end and allowed the Mahdi's troops to enter, and they easily captured the town. Gen. Gordon was stabbed while leaving the government house." The war office has ordered uniforms and accoutrements for 10,000 reserves. Gen. Wolsley asks that the advance from Suakin be made within a month. He sees no necessity for waiting until autumn or for the construction of a railroad across the desert from Suakin to Berber. Gen. Stephenson, Gen. Dornier, and others of the military council at Cairo, however, oppose the dispatch of an expedition from Suakin in so short a time, on the ground that it cannot be made in readiness to start before April. They say the march to Berber will take a month and be a severe test of the endurance of the men, who will suffer from intense heat and want of water. Isolated detachments will be exposed to attacks by Osman Digna. If, however, Gen. Wolsley declares an early advance to Berber necessary for the safety of the Nile expedition, the Cairo authorities will withdraw their opposition.

DETAILS OF GORDON'S DEATH.

The following additional details of the killing of Gen. Gordon and the fall of Khartoum are at hand: On the day of the capture, which is variously stated as the 26th and 27th of January, Gen. Gordon's attention was attracted by a great tumult on the streets. He left the so-called palace, or government building, in which he had made his headquarters, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Just as he reached the street, he was stabbed in the back and fell dead. The tumult was caused by the Mahdi's troops, who had gained access to the interior of the town through treachery, and who were soon in complete possession of the place, including the citadel. A fearful massacre of the garrison followed. The scenes of slaughter are described as surpassing the Bulgarian atrocities, and rivaling the worst horrors of

the Sepoy mutiny. Panic-stricken Egyptians were captured in their flight and put to death with most fiendish tortures—some were transfixed with spears and left to bleed to death. Most of the victims were mutilated in the most horrible manner.

EYES WERE GOUGED OUT, noses slit, and tongues torn out by the roots. In many cases mutilated parts of victims' bodies were thrust in their mouths while they were still living. The massacre included many non-combatants, and Egyptian women were subjected to the most shameful indignities. More than a hundred women and young girls were given over to the Mahdi's followers to be used as slaves. After the slaughter many Arabs were seen rushing about the streets with heads of Egyptians impaled upon spears. The next night was spent in saturnalia of blood and debauchery. Since the capture of Khartoum, the Mahdi has repaired the fortifications and made the place well nigh impregnable. He has made it his permanent headquarters, and is said to have an abundance of guns, small arms and ammunition. Both Col. Wilson's steamers were wrecked owing to the treachery of the pilots, who will be court-martialed.

WOLSELEY'S OPEN DISCONTENT.

London cable of the 9th: To-day's cabinet council lasted four hours, and was one of the stormiest sessions that have been held since Gladstone's return to power. After the formal meeting of the ministers in Downing street there was an excited discussion at the war office between Lord Hartington and the chiefs of the administrative departments. The officers were in favor of urgent measures, but the secretary for war insisted upon the necessity for caution. The ministers are sadly worried by Gen. Wolsley's open expressions of discontent. He has complained very frankly of the ambiguous character of the orders he has received from London, and some of his dispatches which have been made public are not couched in respectful terms. The government appears, however, to have at last decided upon a definite policy, and it is believed that its present determination is based upon warnings received from Sir Evelyn Baring, the fiscal agent of England in Egypt. Sir Evelyn has notified the government in very positive language that a continuance of the Mahdi's triumphs in the Soudan will not only be a serious and permanent danger to the subservient English prestige in Egypt, but will be fatal to English men and women in all Mohammedan countries. The London World says:

There are hopes not altogether illusory that Gen. Gordon has made good his escape and gone up the river. Why not? He is a brave man, originally, and he may have had the foresight to keep his line of retreat open along the Nile. It was his avowed intention some time back to withdraw to the equator if hard pressed, and it is well known that the Nile is navigable by steamers as high as Gondokoro.

Gen. Wolsley has requested the recall of all the special correspondents of the London newspapers on account of the scarcity of rations. This is in accord with Gen. Wolsley's frequent expressions of dislike to reporters, but indicates a more desperate condition of affairs than has been hitherto reported.

Sir Charles Beresford and party were ten hours under fire before they were able to rescue Col. Wilson. The enemy used rifles from behind entrenchments. The fire from the enemy's cannon was effective. In addition to a hole made in the boiler, a shell burst on the steamer. The British fire, however, most effective, silencing the rebel guns and forcing the men to seek shelter. A regular postal service has been formed between Korti and Gubat. The West Kent regiment has left Korti for Gubat. The storming of Metemneh by the British is expected. A Korti dispatch says that Gubat is strongly fortified to resist a possible siege. A fort has been constructed triangular in shape, with deep ditches in front. Brushwood and wire work outside will impede the enemy in the event of an attack.

THE MAHDI'S LETTER.

The letter recently sent by the Mahdi to English officers on Col. Wilson's steamer, contained a postscript saying it was the Mahdi's first and last letter to the English, and that unless they submitted he would kill all the Kafir dogs. The bearer of the letter, a dervish, urged the Egyptians on the steamer to join the Mahdi's army, saying that God had sent the Mahdi to convert the world, and the Mahdi intended to march straight to the steamer. On the day after the steamer stranded (Sunday) the Mahdi's men landed on the island and urged the British to surrender. They passed the evening Hamid Bey, two skippers and seventeen natives deserted the steamer. The steamer Sofia, with Lord Charles Beresford on board, arrived on Tuesday. During the engagement with the enemy the Sofia's boiler was struck by a shell and a great explosion occurred, followed by the rush and rout of steam. After a temporary patch had been fixed on the boiler, the British passed the enemy's works under a heavy fire, towing a nigger containing Col. Wilson's baggage. The nigger grounded 600 yards below the fort. The night was spent in trying to float her. Perfect silence was maintained on board the steamer, which led the Arabs to believe she had been abandoned, and they stopped firing and commenced beating drums. Just before daybreak the enemy saw sparks emerging from the funnel of the steamer, and they at once began to yell in the fiercest manner and opened a heavy fire on the vessel. The steamer replied effectively, and soon passed out of range. It is estimated that the enemy numbered 4,000. They had three Krupp guns. Col. Wilson's loss on the island was two killed and twenty wounded of the Egyptian troops, and four wounded of the British. The Sudanese allies fought well until they heard of the fall of Khartoum, when they became demoralized. The Mahdi caused the massacre of all of Gordon's men, together with their wives and children. Gen. Gordon was killed on the morning of the 27th. The garrison at Gubat is exasperated at the news of the massacre. The Daily News appears in mourning for Gen. Gordon, and publishes the following from Gakdul:

Natives who reached here from Khartoum say Gen. Gordon was killed while in the act of leaving his house to rally his faithful troops. The latter were cut down to man and horse, the best part of the town was a scene of merciless slaughter, not even women and children being spared. All notables were killed except the treacherous pashas and their followers.

Gen. Earle's advance from Berti to Berber commenced yesterday. Gen. Wolsley, with the British forces, started from Korti last evening to cross the desert to Gubat. Only portions of two regiments remain at Korti.

The Bombay correspondent of the Times reports that an Indian brigade has been definitely ordered to Suakin. It will consist of 2,100 infantry and 500 cavalrymen. The morning papers have columns bordered with black, as a token of the grief which is universally felt over Gordon's fate. Some papers confine the mourning emblems to the editorial pages, but in most of them columnar are reversed on all the pages. The News says:

The age of chivalry is revived again in Gordon's history, and the whole world thrills with passionate grief at this Christian warrior's death.

The Standard alone refuses to believe that Gordon is dead, and clings to the shadow of hope that he may be a prisoner or may have escaped south.

ROME, Feb. 10.—The Italian expedition recently landed at Massowah has been ordered to aid the English operations in the Soudan by marching into the interior and relieving the garrisons at Kassala and Senaar. The movement if successfully accomplished will open a line of communication between the coast and to Khartoum parallel with the route from Suakin to Berber.

THE SHADOWS.

In a bleak land and desolate,
Beyond the earth somewhere,
Went wandering through death's dark gate
A soul into the air.

And still as on and on it fled,
A wild, waste region through,
Behind them fell the steady tread
Of one that did pursue.

At last he paused, and looked aback;
And then he was aware
A hideous wretch stood in his track,
Deformed, and cowering there.

"And who art thou," he shrieked in fright,
"That dost my steps pursue?"
Go, hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
Nor thus pollute my view!"

The foul form answered him: "Always
Along thy path I flee,
I'm thine own actions. Night and day
Still must I follow thee."

LEAP-YEAR.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

SCENE—a brightly lighted room.

Dramatis personae—the modern young man and two young girls. He, gentlemanly and good-looking perhaps beyond the average, leaning in a not ungraceful attitude against the mantel, with his back to a large mirror. They, on a low divan at the other side of the room, alternately listening and replying to his remarks, or whispering to each other at some apparently irrelevant but amusing subject.

"Yes," he said, a little defiantly, and with a slightly heightened color, since his first remark had been received with a peel of laughter—"yes, I would like to know what it feels like to be refused. I'd ask some girl just for the fun of hearing her say no, if I dared."

"Try us! try us! O most irresistible Adonis!" cried the elder of the two, with a mocking smile, springing to her feet and making him a low courtesy. The girls dark hair loosened and fell with the sudden motion, the brown eyes were brimming with mischief and merriment, and the flushed cheek looked very inviting.

"I have a great mind to kiss you, Sauce-box," he said, by the way of answer. "One's cousins don't count."

The two cousins, so called, were a pleasing contrast to each other—the dark-eyed, merry Kitty Glen, and her fair, blue-eyed friend and cousin Mary Neale. Neither was, strictly speaking, cousin to Herbert Raymond, Kate, being a step-relation, and Mary only a cousin's cousin; but as he had been on terms of brotherly intimacy, especially with the former, the pleasing fiction was always maintained, and Herbert felt himself at liberty to criticise the sayings and doings of either, to object to this or that man of their acquaintance, and to act generally in a very brotherly manner, while he had been persuaded from wearing many a favorite neck-tie by Kate's rallery or Mary's gentler protest.

The talk on this particular evening drifted to other subjects, and soon the whole matter faded from the young man's mind. Not so from that of the two girls, who, with heads bent together in council, were busy devising a plot against him. Time, however, must be allowed to elapse ere they carried it into execution, as they did not want to be immediately accused of being the plotters.

So Herbert walked with Kate, and rode, talked, or sang with Mary, all unconscious of any designs upon him; and, truth to tell, he was beginning to find in the hours spent with his blue-eyed "cousin" a new charm. To "chaff" with Kate was fun, but the quieter times spent with Mary, and even the silent moments, seemed to fly with incredible rapidity. Nobody surely ever had such sunny golden hair, such sweet little ways, as "Cousin Mary," he began to think, as he watched and studied her more closely; and now and then he fancied (or was it only fancy?) that his sudden or unexpected appearance brought a deep shade to that rose tinted cheek, a new brightness to the lovely eyes. At least if this was a delusion it was a very pleasant one, and he did not feel disposed to put it away from him.

Among the list of Herbert's acquaintances was a very pretty young widow who had been a belle before marriage, and was none the less fascinating now that she was again free. Report said that her marriage had not been a happy one, but whether or no that had been the case she did not seem disposed to be in haste to resume matrimonial fetters, though supposed to have had already several opportunities of so doing.

In the course of acquaintance Kate knew Herbert to have received several notes from her, and rightly guessed that he was familiar with her writing. The arch-plotter selected this Mrs. Peto, then, as one of the unconscious victims of this conspiracy, and obtained possession of one of her notes from a lady friend, and with considerable skill imitated the penmanship and style.

Another letter purported to come from a Miss North, whom Herbert had once met and expressed an admiration for, but who had not seemed to reciprocate it; and one each from Mary and Kate completed the list. Was it by accident or design that the last never reached its destination? Mary's enthusiasm over the practical joke seemed somewhat to have waned, and it required more than one reminder from Kate to induce her to fulfill her part of the compact, while, in fact, at last Kate wrote the note which Mary signed and addressed.

Three letters lay side by side at Herbert's plate as he came down to break-

fast one morning, besides one or two business documents, and as his interest in the post office was not usually very extensive, he gave a surprised little whistle.

The first letter he took up was in an unfamiliar hand, and he read as follows:—

"Mr. Herbert Raymond:
"Sir.—I reply at once to the proposal received from you. No, sir. So slight an acquaintance as ours justifies nothing of the sort, and you will pardon me if I stigmatize it as bordering on the impertinent. My father allows no visitors at our house save those whom he himself invites, and I fear would be very angry were I to show him your letter. I beg, therefore, that you will drop the matter. I assure you it is not a very pleasant one to me.
Yours, coldly,
"CATHERINE NORTH."

Much mystified, and not a little nettled, Herbert laid down the letter and took up the next, which ran:

"MY DEAR MR. RAYMOND:—So you have a curiosity to experience the sensation of being refused. Well, my dear child, you have come to the right place this time; as 'Uncle Remus' says, 'I've done had my dose' of matrimony; and not even your youth, beauty and inexperience would tempt me, I have refused dozens of men in my time, and shall probably continue to do so till I die. A friend of mine says I am like Mrs. Belding in 'The Bread-Winners,' who, after the demise of her spouse, had two closets to hang up her dresses in instead of one, and never saw a man again that she liked well enough to give up that luxury for. I like occasional visitors, but don't like to see too much of the other sex. If your feelings were more entangled than I suspect they are I might beseech you not to hang, shoot, or drown yourself; but I fancy the danger is very trifling. Indeed, I have seen so many broken-hearted men recover and grow stout that I have become skeptical about the ill-effects of a rebuff. Doubtless you would like me to say how deeply my feelings were touched by your offer, how it kept me awake at night, and all that sort of thing; but I am a simple element. So, my dear child, my answer is no. Sometimes I think a colossal fortune might tempt me, (I love to be cradled in the lap of luxury,) but again I am sure that even that would be in vain. Doubtless there are half a dozen maidens sighing and dying for you, my advice is to go to them and be consoled.
Yours, sincerely,
"LAVINIA PETO."

Herbert finished, and then burst into a laugh as he recalled a certain evening Mary, Kate and he had spent together. Here, then, was the explanation. But surely that was Mrs. Peto's handwriting. Had those mischievous girls really let her into the secret? How was he to find out? How pay them back in their own coin? He then glanced over his business documents, and finally took up the last letter. How had it escaped him that it was Mary's writing? He hesitated, and held it a moment ere opening it.

"DEAR HERBERT" (began Mary).—"I am so sorry, and so afraid of hurting your feelings that I was ever so kind of you to want me, but—but I do hate to say no, but I don't see how I can help it. Please forgive me, and let us be as good friends as ever—won't you? I can't bear to say no to one I like so much as I do you. Oh, I am so sorry! Do let me be always your friend."
"MARY NEALE."

"I'll never take 'no' for an answer from you sweetheart," was his unspoken thought as he laid down the letter—strange to say, a little pained, even though he realized it was but a joke. He hastily finished his breakfast, and taking a pen scribbled off a reply to the last. The others he would settle with Kate, whom he felt to be the real author, later.

"DEAREST MARY,—It is with a feeling of grievous disappointment I undertake to reply to your epistle. My trembling hands almost refused to perform their office when, with a mingled sense of hope and fear, I tore the covering from your anxiously expected letter. I was that weary you with the tale of the sleepless hours and the alternate extremes of joy and despair that I experienced. It matters not. You have crushed a faithful heart; and though oceans and continents may lie between us, as presently they will, yet undying affection for you will ever reign in my bosom. Farewell, then, adored one, and may you never feel a hundredth part of such sorrow as your cruel words have caused.
HERBERT."

With some satisfaction he read over his note, and resolved on the policy of silence; he would not even go to see them for a while. That would be more aggravating, he knew, than any revenge he could devise. It would be, and was, a hard thing to carry out, but he stuck to it manfully, though never had the days seemed so long, or the evenings so hard to dispose of. Meanwhile the conspirators waited, and Kate at least enjoyed her own little joke very much. Then came Herbert's letter to Mary, which both shared and laughed over.

But as day after day passed and no Herbert appeared, Mary began to feel seriously troubled, and even got to the point of shedding a few secret tears. Could it possibly be that he was really hurt at anything she had said? Really taken it seriously? And oh, dreadful possibility! if by any chance he were going away without saying good-by! This last idea was too much, and she could no longer resist the temptation which prompted her to write to him:

"HERBERT,—If you care for me one particle come back! I don't know what I have said or done to hurt you, but I can't bear your silence and absence."
MARY."

A little startled, but overwhelmed with a sudden rush of joyful feelings, he answered the summons in person. He did not wait for persuasion, but took her in his arms, as she glided into the room. "Thank you a thousand times, sweetheart," snitting the action to the word as he bent to kiss her. "Leap-year has made me the happiest of men."
"Leap-year!" she said, a little breathless and bewildered. "Oh, I never thought of that! It's all a joke."
"Well, it's no joke that I've got you now and mean to keep you, leap-year and every year, Cousin Mary," he said, with a happy laugh. "Well refuse or accept Kate together now."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. John Wattacount of Oconto, Wis., and her twelve-year-old daughter attempted to walk a distance of twelve miles, returning from the funeral of the mother's sister to their home. They evidently lost their way and perished by severe cold in the extensive swamp surrounded Shawanee lake.

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by that Remarkable Statement of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat, created a great deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days ago which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street. At first he was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80, its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven, Folger, Colfax and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked and attributed this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. And now, gentlemen, he said, 'as we have seen the uncausal indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health, and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys. And in less than a year he was dead.' The slightest indication of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfit for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes. I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The doctor was cured four years ago and is well and attending to his professional duties to-day.

The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statement they make, cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, and that it can be cured.